

Devils

by Heartless Uchiha

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Summary: She was part of his plan, whether she liked it or not. If she would just submit to him, he could make her part much, much more enjoyable. Lemony lemony LEMONS! character death (doesn't play a large part in the story) I recommend watching this anime, it is very good. I don't own anything but the plot. Enjoy.

## Devils

Here we are again, at the start of a new story. I'll keep it brief this time; story took roughly six months to write, half at work half at home with long breaks in between. If you don't understand something in the story you can always message me. Enjoy.

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She was so light it was as if he wasn't carrying anyone at all. He had managed to take the girl from the pathetic humans that she had been staying with, not that they were any challenge for a devil like him. Calmly walking the road to his mansion Chikage Kazama stared at the girl, Yukimura Chizuru, a rare and precious female devil, and felt a sense of accomplishment that the first part of his plan was completed. Pulling her closer to him Kazama could faintly feel Chizuru's heart beat at a rapid pace, her face contorted in a grimace, whimpering softly; she was obviously having a nightmare.

'Hmm, it seems even devils dream,' he said to himself as he continued to observe her. 'How interesting.'

Coming up to his mansion Kazama could see two figures on the front steps. He didn't have to guess who they were, there were no other beings, devil nor human, that knew where his home was.

'Sure took your time getting back. Wanting some time alone with your mate?' One said with arrogance and mockery laced through his voice.

'My deepest apologies, Kazama-san. It was not our intent to interfere if that is the case, we will leave,' the other commented with a slight bow to show his sincerity.

'What exactly are you two doing here? Shiranui Kyo? Kyuujyu Amagiri?' Kazama questioned as he walked past them and through the shoji doors that he opened with his devil powers. Walking in behind him they watched as Kazama placed Chizuru on the futon in his room. Taking a seat on a cushion on the tatami mats, Kazama waited for his devil companions to take their seats in front of him.

'Forgive us Kazama-san, but when you didn't return at the expected time we became worried.' Kyuujyu answered with another respectful bow from his seat.

'Speak for yourself! I didn't come here because I was worried,' Shiranui countered, as loud as ever, not caring that there was someone sleeping next to them.

'Oh? Then why did you come?' Kazama questioned Shiranui with his usual smirk on his face.

Turning back to Kazama, Shiranui saw his smirk and turned away again growling low in his throat, his cheeks slightly pink in embarrassment at being caught out. 'I-I only came because I was bored!'

'Heh, well in any case, my plans have been put into action. It's only a matter of time before they are completed,' Kazama looked at Chizuru again and noticed she wasn't as restless as before; her nightmare must be over...the one in her dream anyway.

She could hear them. Hear them talking about things she didn't understand, didn't want to understand. Why were the Shinsengumi talking about devils'? And her? They didn't know that she was a devil, she made sure of that! Covered every cut and graze, tended to her own wounds, so they wouldn't find out. She wanted to continue living with the Shinsengumi! As the voices began to fade Chizuru's mind ceased to be a blank void, and formed into the courtyard, where she had awoken after Kazama had knocked her out with his katana. She could hear the sharp ringing of blades dancing and their masters' cries as they struck at their enemies. Then she saw Chikage Kazama, the devil that had told her she was one of them, facing off against Hijikata Toshizou, the Shinsengumi's vice-commander!

With swords raised they charged at each other. Chizuru watched as they battled with insane speed and deadly precision, causing her vision to blur from trying to follow them. But she could see them enough to know that Hijikata had the odds stacked against him. Facing a devil that had clearly been around longer than him made Kazama the more experienced swordsman.

"I...I have to help...Hijikata-san," Chizuru thought as she saw Kazama's sword graze Hijikata's arm.

But her body was so heavy it felt as though there was someone holding

her down. She had to move, to help Hijikata! So Chizuru used all her strength to stand only to fall again; she was just so weak. Trying again, Chizuru used her sword to help her and managed to take a few unsteady steps before she stumbled to her knees again, all the while she watched as the two samurai fought. Then she heard a cry that was full of pain and anger, when she looked to see who had released such a horrible sound Chizuru saw Kazama's sword had sliced right through Hijikata. It seemed like an eternity before Chizuru could comprehend what had happened; all she could do was stare at the two men, not really believing that Hijikata Toshizou had been run through.

>Then she was running; she didn't know where her new found strength had come from, nor did she care, all that mattered to her was getting to Hijikata! Quite suddenly she found herself on the ground again after running into something. Looking up Chizuru saw eyes as crimson as the blood that was dripping from the blade in his hand. Drawing her short sword Chizuru scrambled to her feet and placed the weapon between herself and Kazama. They stared at each other for a minute before Chizuru lunged at Kazama with the intent to take revenge for Hijikata; she never even got close to him. Having disappeared from her view Chizuru suddenly felt a cold blade pressed against her throat as Kazama materialized behind her.<p>

'It's time for you to sleep,' he said as his free hand passed over her eyes, and using his devil power forced her into unconsciousness.

>Then the images faded away and she was left in the dark void once again.<p>

Kyuujyu and Shiranui had left some time ago allowing Kazama to observe the female devil while she slept. Summoning a jug of sake and sakazuki he drank the fiery alcohol as he watched Chizuru stir slightly; it seemed that she would awaken soon. As if on cue Chizuru bolted up in the futon and, spotting Kazama, jumped up and went to draw her short sword, only to find that she was unarmed. Continuing to consume his favourite drink, Kazama watched Chizuru as she looked around the room she was situated in, trying to find some form of weapon he assumed. Having found none he watched as Chizuru turned back to look at him, and he saw that tears were forming in her eyes; what's all this about then?

'Did it really happen? Is he dead?' Ah, so that was it. she was in shock that the great Hijikata Toshizou, vice-commander of the Shinsengumi, had been defeated. Looking at the girl in front of him, Kazama could tell she knew the answer; she just didn't want it to be true. 'Yes.'

Her tears streamed down her face with that one word. Then she was kneeling on the floor grieving for the man that she had admired so much. Kazama watched her for a time and wondered why she would weep for a human, when their race was short lived to begin with; he would have died eventually, if not on someone's blade, then time would have taken him. But still Chizuru wept for the human that had been slain. Taking one last drag from his sakazuki Kazama returned it to its stand and placed his drink on the table, he then made his way over to the still weeping girl, and kneeling before her, lifted her head and placed a forceful kiss on her tear soaked lips.

"Wha...What's happening?" Chizuru thought as Kazama continued to kiss her, each time was longer and more demanding than the last.

His kiss was full of desire as he tried to get her lips to respond to him, but it seemed that Chizuru was too stunned by his actions to even breathe, let alone respond. Of course that didn't go too well with her need to breathe. Awakening for her daze Chizuru's first reaction was to take a mouthful of air, to relieve her burning lungs, but because Kazama was still ravaging her mouth, all she got was a mouthful of tongue.

>Relieved that she was finally responding to his advances, Kazama moved his tongue around her mouth, memorizing its every feature, and battling with Chizuru's. When he finally pulled away from her, Chizuru sagged against Kazama's chest breathing deeply, trying to replenish the air that he had stolen from her.<br>Chizuru tasted so good! He just couldn't get enough of her; this had to be one of the abilities of a female devil. They were so rare that even Kazama, for as long as he had been around, didn't know all the abilities of them. But he knew one thing for certain; he had to have more of her. All of her. Exposing more skin Kazama removed the cloth covering her shoulder and latched onto her tender flesh. He lapped and sucked on her skin, all the while Chizuru was letting out small uncertain moans of pleasure, her tears still running down her face.

Then Kazama suddenly pulled away and observed the girl before him; her hair ruffled, cheeks a dark red, clothes half off, and she was still crying. Chizuru looked so beautiful to him, so innocent, so frail; it was making him crazy with heated desire. It wasn't enough to have just her lips, Kazama need more, more to sate the hunger that she had caused. Slowly Kazama leaned into Chizuru and connected his lips to hers again, and while using that as a distraction, slowly pulled the rest of her hakamashita off, exposing her upper body. At feeling the rush of wind on her bare skin, Chizuru pulled away from him and covered her naked body with her hands. Chizuru didn't have a body that most men preferred, making her self-conscious, since no one had seen her body before she had no confidence in her image never mind her abilities. Encircling his arms around her Kazama laid his hands against her small ones and tried to pry her arms away from her body, without much success. Impossible! He was at least 200 years her senior, stronger than her, yet it seemed like he had no strength.

"Another special ability?" Kazama thought as he tried to remove her hands again. "Maybe if she's more relaxed I can move them."

Leaving one arm around her Kazama used his other one to turn Chizuru to face him and, giving her no time to protest, claimed her lips as his once again. He was slow and affectionate in the beginning, then his lips became more demanding and passionate, it was a habit that he couldn't shake especially when he lost all control of his body. Returning his hand around her body, Kazama moved his hands to stroke them down, tracing what little curves she had with his fingers, and coming to rest at the small of her back. Being a Devil, Kazama had a lower body temperature than humans, but as he moved his hands around her body he could feel that Chizuru was definitely warmer. Again it could be a trait that was specific to female Devils, but he didn't have the time nor the patience to investigate all the peculiarities of Chizuru. Picking her up, Kazama carried her to the futon she had hastily exited, and lowered himself onto it with Chizuru positioned in his lap for his convenience; now his hands were free to do as they pleased without the worry of her moving.

Reaching up to her hair Kazama pulled the ribbon out and ran his

fingers through the strands as they fell to her shoulders. Collecting it in his hand Kazama watched it slide through his fingers, feeling the soft strands glide over his palm, smelling the fragrant scent of jasmine that she seemed to favor, while noticing Chizuru shudder faintly when she heard him smell her. Clenching his fist Kazama gently pulled her hair and was disappointed when Chizuru resisted. Slowly he increased the strength of the pull until she couldn't bear the pain anymore. She allowed her head to fall back against his chest and closed her eyes when she saw him staring at her. Kazama looked at Chizuru's face, with her eyes tightly closed, lips quivering, blush covering the ridge of her nose; she looked scared but not defiant which suited him just fine. Moving closer Kazama watched as her throat moved, "Probably from nerves." he thought to himself, but he found that he couldn't look away from that area.

>Chizuru felt his breath, his warm alcohol scented breath, on her neck and she felt more afraid then than she ever had from all the battles she had risked her life in. But Kazama was a pure blooded Devil, not having dealt with a male Devil before Chizuru didn't know anything about him or his needs, for all she knew he needed blood to survive. Judging by his distance from her neck, she assumed it was true. The touch was light, but it lingered, and Chizuru had to wonder if he was really going to bite her, when she felt Kazama's teeth graze her. Then she felt, more than heard him chuckle, with his breath and vibrations making goose-bumps appear on her body, he obviously found something amusing.<p>

'I'm not one of those fakes the pathetic humans created. I have no need for something as tasteless as blood. But that does not mean that I won't be having you tonight,' Kazama moved up so he was mere centimeters from her ear, making Chizuru feel even more distorted and dizzy. 'I will have your everything; your mind, your heart, your body.'

He could see that she wasn't as rigid, just as guarded as before but, her body didn't feel as tense, and that was just what Kazama was waiting for. Wrapping his arms around her once again he tried to pry her arms away from her body and found that Chizuru didn't resist this time. As he let her arms fall to her sides Kazama leaned around her side and placed his lips gently on hers, his hands trailed up her navel and laid them over her small breasts. Although they were small in size they were very sensitive and soft, and Kazama enjoyed toying with them while watching Chizuru try to restrain her movements and remain silent.

That changed when he suddenly tweaked her nipples, causing Chizuru to lose herself and cry out uncontrollably. Pulling away Kazama watched as her body became limp in his arms, breathing heavily and shaking slightly. 'Sensitive much?' he whispered to her. 'I will have to exploit that tonight. All night.'

'I-I have never felt like this before,' Chizuru replied breathlessly as she tried to recover from his touch. 'I don't know what to do or what to feel anymore.'

Kazama watched her as she tried to make sense of the newly felt sensations; she was frowning slightly, her breath coming easier but her face was even darker than before. He truly loved the way her emotions could be read from her face, she had obviously never tried to hide them before, so she didn't have much of a mask to hide them. Right now, he could tell that Chizuru was trying to compose herself

after her sudden outburst, but there was no way in hell that Kazama was going to let that happen, not after the amount of time it took to get her in this state.

'Do nothing. Succumb to the physical pleasures the night, and everything else will seem like a dream.'

Moving so fast that Chizuru didn't know what was happening, Kazama turned her so she was facing him and caged her on the futon they were currently occupying. Slipping between her thighs was the easy part, removing her hakama without a struggle would be a challenge. Returning one hand to her breast Kazama slowly moved down to the small valley between them and planted light kisses to her flesh so as not to startle her with his next move. Extending his tongue, slightly longer than a humans, he ran it over her breast, avoiding her nipple. Kazama gave his attention to the surrounding flesh, all the while listening to her restrained protests.

>Chizuru had her hands placed on his shoulders trying to push him away from her, but because her body was aroused from his actions she had lost her Devil strength, making it easier for Kazama to continue pleasuring her. Moving his unoccupied hand down to her hakama, Kazama got as far as releasing the tie before her legs forced the air from him through sheer force. Looking up at her Kazama saw that she had the same fear in place as before and was being more forceful in her refusal. Removing his hand from her hakama Kazama placed it above Chizuru on the futon, and leaned in to secure her lips once more. She wasn't as objective about it as the last few times that he had kissed her, so she had either resigned herself to the fact that he would do it no matter what she did or she had given into her desire and pleasure at his hands.<p>

While stealing her breath Kazama still had one hand on her breast, and using it to his advantage, he gave it a light squeeze causing Chizuru to whimper from the slight stimulation. He loved the feel of her body writhing under him, her submission did more to his libido than her body, it made him so hot with the desire to do more to her body, to hear and feel her giving into him. Releasing her lips from him he watched as Chizuru took large breaths to calm her lungs once again, which made her chest rise and fall noticeably. Watching for a time Kazama continued to play with one breast, gently squeezing it and occasionally flicking the nipple, with other not getting any attention he felt that it deserved to be pleased as well. Slipping his free arm under her, Kazama lifted her limp body, and bringing her breast to his lips he consumed it, mercilessly stimulating it with his tongue and teeth, sucking it without relent, and causing Chizuru to voice her pleasure in a very high pitched tone. Out of embarrassment from all the lewd sounds she was voicing, Chizuru clasped her hands over her mouth to try and quieten the noise.

'Don't, I want to hear you more. More of those erotic sounds that you make just for me. Give me more,' Kazama released her breast from his mouth and moved to the other one, freeing one hand to reach up and pull her hands away from her lips.

At once the muffled sounds that Chizuru had been trying to suppress were released in a wave of noise; some were loud and uncontrolled, while others were as quiet as a whimper. Both made Kazama wild with desire. Releasing her hands again Kazama reached down to her hakama and almost ripped it off her in his desire to have her; he had been

so painfully hard for a while now that he was surprised at the amount of restraint he had. Not wasting any time Kazama moved his fingers to her clit and began rubbing it vigorously, not painfully hard but with enough pressure to make her body twitch and her mind go blank.

'Do you like that Chizuru? Do you want more?'

Taking her increased sounds of pleasure as confirmation Kazama inserted two fingers into her and started thrusting them in and out of her. She was so tight, that when he moved his fingers in her walls would collapse on his fingers and squeeze them until he felt like they would fall off. To compensate for this Kazama would separate his fingers and rub them against her crashing walls, forcing them to a stop. When he felt her thighs begin to quiver and her give a small shudder Kazama pulled his fingers out of her and untangled himself from his own dishevelled kimono. Once he had the infuriating piece of cloth strewn over the opposite side of the room, he glanced at Chizuru to see desire and need on her face, and not being one for patience, Kazama was all too happy to oblige. Grabbing his throbbing length in his hand Kazama rubbed the shaft over her opening and clit, making sure to continue pleasuring her while he soaked himself in her juices. Then positioning himself at her entrance he grabbed her hips and thrust himself into Chizuru in one motion.

Aside from a small amount of tenderness Chizuru didn't have any pain when Kazama had entered her; in fact it only served to increase her pleasure, causing her to clench her walls around his embedded shaft. It was a strange sensation to actually have something to squeeze onto, but that didn't stop Chizuru from clamping around Kazama with a vice-like grip, it made him want to move. Having taken enough torture from her for one night Kazama retracted himself from her opening until only the tip was still in her, then shoved back inside to be fully encased in her warm heat, making him lose his composure a bit more and groan out of bliss.

It felt like he was meant to be in her, she felt that good! Pulling himself out again, he felt Chizuru's walls clench onto him to try and keep him inside of her; it was a very intriguing thought, to just stay in her surrounded by her tight, hot walls...but then there would be no friction, no sound, and no pleasure. Throwing that idea out of his mind Kazama tightened his hold on her hips and began thrusting into her like crazy, leaving Chizuru to hold onto the futon in a futile attempt to keep herself grounded. In no time at all Chizuru had cum from Kazama's rapid pace, she had never felt anything like it, a sudden loss of control of her body, not being able to do anything but allow the waves of euphoria run through her. This made Kazama stop momentarily while her walls crashed down on his length, making him falter in his rhythm. As soon as her walls had stopped trying to consume him, Kazama pulled her body up to his and he quickly shoved her back against the nearest wall, allowing it to hold her in place as he began pounding into her again in a mad frenzy. It didn't take very long before Chizuru was on verge of cumming again, and Kazama was willing to follow her this time.

Reaching down between them with one hand he started to relentlessly stroke her clit, causing her to cry out from the extra stimulation. Deciding that wasn't enough he took his other hand and began tweaking one nipple while his mouth and tongue occupied the other. This made Chizuru shriek from being over stimulated and inevitably forced her to cum from the pleasure of it all. All too happy to follow her to

the plains of oblivion Kazama had enough energy left to move them back to the futon before he collapsed from exhaustion of achieving his goal. Pulling the covers over them Kazama watched Chizuru for a few minutes before sleep took him, smirking from the knowledge that he would one day in the near future hold the child in his arms.

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Right, I hope you guys all enjoyed that. To be honest I didn't think it would turn out like this, half of it I wrote while I was at work and the other half I wrote at home, so I kinda had two different mind sets while I was writing it. I don't think I'll be writing and more for this series, because I don't really like the main character, Chizuru, that much.

Anyway the same requests apply as they always do at the end of a FF; please favourite and review my work, I accept constructive flames.

Thanks.

(Also I'll try and write some more of my Naruto story, but I'm just not feeling it...)

End  
file.